THE WORLD.

Published by the Press Publishing Co.

THURSDAY EVENING, JANUARY 12.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage).
PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, $3.50.

THE YEARLY RECORD.

Total Number of Worlds Printed during 1887,

83,389,828.

Average per Day for Entire Year.

228,465.

SIX YEARS COMPARED:

THE WORLD came under the present proprietorship May 10, 1883.

Year.	Yearly Total.	Daily Average.
1882	8,151,157	22,331
1883	12,235,238	33,541
1884	28,159,785	77,092
1885	51,241,267	140,387
1886	70,126,041	192,126
1887	83,389,828	228,465

Sunday World's Record:

Over 200,000 Every Sunday During the Last Two Years.

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1882 was	14,727
The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1883 was	24,054
The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1884 was	79,985
The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1885 was	166,636
The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1886 was	234,724
The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1887 was	257,267

Amount of White Paper used during the Five Years Ending Dec. 31, 1887:

Year.	Lbs.
1883	1,423,288
1884	4,468,455
1885	8,229,207
1886	12,200,829
1887	15,629,506

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL.

SOMETHING TO ARBITRATE.

President CORBIN, of the Reading Company, says "there is nothing to arbitrate."

The merchants of Reading, who urged upon the great Mogul this mode of settlement, do not agree with him. The New York Board of Trade and Transportation, which has adopted a resolution in favor of arbitration or compromise, sees that there are two sides to the difficulty.

The public will agree with Congressman OSBORNE, of Pennsylvania, that "it cannot be possible that so large a body of industrious and intelligent men would quit work without considerable grievances."

Bread-winners do not expose their families to mid-winter cold and semi-starvation without real reason. To refuse arbitration is to admit that your case is bad.

HALE'S CHEEK.

The possibilities of Down-East gall are illustrated in Senator HALE's attack upon the Democratic Administration for "hypocrisy in civil-service reform."

There has been some inconsistency at Washington on this subject. But rebuke of it comes with a fearfully bad grace from the representative of a party that seized and held as spoils every office in the Government for twenty-four years; that made the public service a party machine, and assessed its incumbents for political purposes while resolving and orating in favor of a reform in the system.

Since Satan rebuked sin there has not been a more edifying exhibition of cheek than HALE's reproof of anti-reform politics.

HELD FOR RANSOM.

The seizure by a city landlady of a baby and a bull-pup as hostages to secure the payment of an unsettled board bill introduces a new element of uncertainty into boarding-house life.

Hitherto peripatetic "beats" have gone the round of the boarding-houses, taking their encumbrances and pets with them, and leaving behind at their hasty departure nothing more valuable than a gripsack or a trunk stuffed with empty bottles and old paper.

But if babies and pet dogs are liable to be seized and held for ransom by the watchful hash dispenser the business will be complicated. A captive babe would bring most mothers to terms, but a pet dog howling for ransom would be irresistible.

GOOD THEN, BAD NOW.

Resolutions of Tammany Hall, in favor of "protection to American industries," adopted seventy years ago, are paraded by a war-tariff journal as though they applied to the country's present position.

The industries were "infants" then; they are many of them stalwart monopolies now. The Government needed revenue then; it has a big surplus now.

All the conditions are thus radically changed.

The Democratic party is in favor of a tariff for protection, a tariff for revenue, but no tariff for surplus.

Iniquity is predicted by Senator HALE as sure to result from Democratic ascendancy. Iniquity actually resulted from Republican ascendancy. What's the use of dropping into prophecy when rank history is so accessible?

The sensational yarn published in the *Sun* of a "thrashing" administered to EDMUND HUNSON, the well-known Washington journalist, is as promptly denied by that gentleman as was the "faked" story published in the same sheet of Gen. TERRY's impending death.

JEM SMITH's manager evidently fears that the champion of England wouldn't be worth much for the show and hippodroming business after a set-to with the Pride of the Hub.

The miners have complicated their case be permitting it to become connected with that of the striking railroad men. The grievances are distinct and should be treated separately.

What is this? A boarding-house keeper fined $50 for furnishing his table with oleomargarine! Is the millennium coming right along in solid chunks?

Citizen BLAINE the III. arrived in time to be a Presidential candidate in 1923. He will "get there" before his grandfather.

MR. CLEVELAND is not sitting up nights watching anybody's Presidential boom.

The higher the horse ridden by Czar CORBIN the harder will be his fall.

TID-BITS FROM WASHINGTON MARKET.

Some of the boys are still talking about that ball.

Charlie Dresher is considered the Apollo of the market, with his $2,200 diamond pin and ways that are taking.

No blow out is regarded as complete without Thos. Fitzpatrick, for he always brings his bass voice with him. He knows what to sing, too.

Jacob Huber, the popular little fancy butcher, is enthusiastic on the subject of horse-flesh and is interested in a number of flyers. He won every bet last season on the Kentucky Derby, besides pulling $5,000 out of the Suburban.

J. J. Blohm, Nick Snyder, Geo. Hoppe and Dave Kahn are chock-full of information concerning tips, bookmakers and racing matters generally. Lancaster, Amber, Little Minch, Saxony and Blue Line belong to these gentlemen.

ABOUT THEATRE MANAGERS.

Manager Perley, of Dockstader's, is indefatigable. Many of his friends wonder if he ever sleeps.

Manager J. Charles Davis, of the People's Theatre, has travelled round the world and no more interesting companion can be found.

Manager Daniel Frohman, of the Lyceum Theatre, has a good word to say for everybody. This, it is thought, is the secret of his popularity.

Manager Gilmore, of Niblo's, likes a first night, and generally settles himself comfortably in the lobby of the theatre with a dozen friend round him.

Manager Schroeder, of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, always sits in his comfortable office during a performance, resplendent in a faultlessly fitting dress suit.

A. M. Palmer, of the Madison Square Theatre, is one of the most accessible of theatrical men, as he is also one of the most influential. This fact is worth noting.

Henry E. Abbey and his wife stroll in a leisurely way down Broadway each morning and breakfast at the Gilsey. Mrs. Abbey looks as charming in the street as she does on the stage.

Manager Dorney, of Daly's Theatre, is one of the busiest of men. Mr. Daly gives him plenty to do, and he is one of the most devoted admirers of "the Governor," as Daly is called.

Manager James W. Morrissey, of the Standard Theatre, has never been caught without a smile upon his ample countenance. Even the advent of a son and heir has not modified his good humor.

WORLDLINGS.

The regular rate of increase of the Astor estate is said to be from $10,000,000 to $13,000,000 a year.

A record introduced as evidence in a Chicago divorce court the other day showed that one of the parties to the suit then on trial had once been fined $1 by an Indiana justice for adultery.

Adam Forepaugh, the circus man, wears a diamond for which a Chicago broker recently offered him $10,000. It weighs forty carats. He has also a fifteen-carat diamond collar-button, for which he paid $3,000.

St. Louis sports matched a game chicken against an eagle, and the bird of freedom was vanquished in very short order. The first pass made by the chicken cut the eagle's head nearly off, and another blow settled him. The chicken did not lose a feather.

Norman B. Ream, the Chicago grain and stock speculator, is forty-three years old. All of his great successes have been made in the last ten years, and not a few of them in Wall street. Like many another millionaire he started life as a clerk in a country store.

A veteran of the Mexican war, who is now living in Lagarto, Tex., at the age of eighty-seven years, tells some interesting stories of the fight at Buena Vista, and says he stood by the side of Gen. Taylor when he gave the famous order to Capt. Bragg for "a little more grape, Capt. Bragg."

A Marshall, Mich., man who had been badly cut and bruised over the eye applied a piece of raw beefsteak to reduce the inflammation. When he sought to remove it, it was found (so the Detroit *Journal* says) that the tissue of the beef had grown into the cut and united itself to the flesh so firmly that it was necessary to have a doctor to cut it away.

Stephen B. Elkins, Mr. Blaine's friend and adviser, is a man of cultivated literary tastes and is said to have a remarkable memory. He is a voracious reader and is able, after perusing an article once, to repeat it almost verbatim. His library is large and contains many rare and valuable books. Mr. Elkins is forty-six years old and a millionaire several times over.

John Powell, an old Texan cowboy, caught an immense rattlesnake in a lasso near Orlando, Fla., recently. The snake gave him a terrible tussle before he could rope it in, but he finally subdued it. It measures nine feet seven inches and has fifteen rattles, which are said to make a noise like that of the snares of a drum when the snake is excited.

A Bunch of Arrivals.

Townsend Davis and Mrs. Davis are guests of the Victoria.

C. L. Spalding, the baseball man, stopped last night at the St. James.

Marsden Perry, a Providence merchant, is stopping at the Union Square.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Leslie, of London, are passing a few days at the Fifth Avenue.

S. Wilson, of Springfield, Ill., and Elmer White, of Toledo, are at the Hoffman.

Viscount and Viscountess Bouthillier-Chovign, of Montreal, are at the Brunswick.

At the Brunswick are booked H. Haswell, of London, and Sam Wilson of Ireland.

Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, registered this morning at the Fifth Avenue.

Honoré Mercier, Premier Minister of Canada, arrived with an escort at the Albemarle to-day.

Ex-Senator Warner Miller, of Herkimer, and A. A. Ranney, of Boston, are recent arrivals at the Fifth Avenue.

Enjoying life at the Astor are W. F. Swan, of Denver; F. F. Drexel, Baltimore, and Albert Dibble, of San Francisco.

At the Gilsey are W. J. B. Patterson and Mrs. Patterson, of Montreal, and F. A. Churchman and Mrs. Churchman, of Philadelphia.

B. Jashowitz, a real-estate man of Los Angeles; C. A. Gess, a Waterbury merchant, and John M. Bailey, an Albany hardware man, are at the Hotel Dam.

A BOLD BURGLARY.

(*Continued from First Page.*)

all the facts that the man gave were taken down, and two or three times afterwards he was asked to tell the story to different officials, and had questions put about different points as if they had not been made clear enough. But the German was not caught tripping. In fact, some of us thought that was a little suspicious in itself. It looked as if he might have learned it off by heart and have settled every point. If it had been as he said it would have been more natural that he should have thought of some circumstance that had not been noticed by him at first, or else would have made some little mistake that would have been corrected. No; he told his story straight every time and without any variation. He was told that it would be investigated.

He was the first person to be investigated. It was ascertained that he was an unmarried man. Inquiry at the commercial agencies and among the wholesale dealers with whom jewellers have to do showed that his credit was excellent and that he was rated as a well-to-do man, though not rich.

I fancied that perhaps he had compromised some woman and resorted to a scheme to raise money without seeming to be doing it.

Across the street from the jeweller's an ex-policeman lived in the second floor, over a store. He had a daughter nineteen years old. On the night in which the jeweller claimed to have been robbed this girl was sitting at the window of the front room looking out. She remarked a young man walking leisurely up Ninth avenue, and shortly afterwards she saw him coming back again with the same deliberate gait on the other side of the street. She described the fellow to me. Stocky in his build, a slight roll in his walk, small black mustache and a short square face. Anything more particular than this she could not give, as she had not remarked the fellow very closely, since it was only on seeing him come back in the sauntering way in which he had passed up and so soon afterwards that her notice had been specially attracted.

SO YOU THINK THIS IS FROM DUKE, SAID SHE.

I knew a man whom my suspicion fell on as answering this description, especially the swagger in the walk and the short, square face. He had been a thief, afterwards became a keeper in the Tombs without abandoning his thievish propensities, and when he left the place had thieved again. His name was John Galvin and he enjoyed a most unsavory reputation, not only as one of the light-fingered gentry but as a reckless fellow who would not hesitate to carve a piece out of a man if he got his ugly blood up.

I started out to find my brave Galvin. It was a roomy sort of beat, as he ranged from the Battery to Forty-sixth street in his haunts. By a lucky strike I ran on him the first time I went out for the purpose. It was at a beer saloon on Forty-first street.

When I went in I saw him sitting at a table with another fellow drinking beer. I was in citizen's clothes and walked quietly up towards them, and when I got opposite Galvin I said to him:

"I want you. I am an officer! Come!"

He pushed around his chair and scowled savagely as he said: "What the —— have I done?"

"Up with your hands," I said, and he held them up while I went through him. I found nothing that could criminate him and only one thing that pointed to the deed. I took him away and locked him up. He denied emphatically knowing anything at all about the Ninth avenue robbery.

The one thing which helped to confirm my suspicion that Galvin had some part in the theft was a small tag which I found in his pocket. It was of a size that would be put on some small object like a ring or watch. I went around to the jeweller's store and found that many of the articles which had been stolen had little tags of this description on them. Galvin could have thrust several of these things in his pocket and one of the tags could easily have been pulled off.

I also found out through a policeman that on the night in which the German jeweller claimed to have been robbed a coach had stopped at a dark place on Thirtieth street, when four men got out and separated at once, going in different directions.

This wasn't very much of a clue to work up, but I did work it. A gang of four men starting on a job like rifling a jeweller's store would be likely to go in somewhere and get a drink. I had to find out if a crowd like that, and especially one that had a coachman with them, had dropped in at a saloon and liquored up.

I found at last that on the evening of the robbery a crowd of five men, one of whom was a hackman, had driven up to a liquor saloon on Sixth avenue, below Greenwich avenue, and got out to have a drink. The barkeeper saw they were a hard crowd, and was struck by their addressing the hackman as "Duke."

Now I had to find "Duke." It was not his real name, of course, and probably it was a nickname known only to his pards. It took me six weeks to find this hackman. It is no easy job to find a hackman out of the thousands in New York when you have got nothing more definite than a nickname to track him by and a barkeeper's rambling description that would apply to eight out of ten.

Fortune came to my help, as it often does in working up these cases. I had got pretty tired after four weeks' effort to find "Duke," without coming anywhere near him.

One night I was coming up Broadway. I passed Niblo's just as the theatre was over. They were playing the "Black Crook" or some spectacular play at the time. I was in citizen's clothes.

A man came out with a girl and they started off up the street just in front of me. The girl was a fast woman, with rouge daubed on her face and flashily dressed. She watched a woman of her own class skipping into a coupé.

"If Duke were round I'd get a lift myself," I heard her say to the fellow.

Good heavens! after a month's seeking for Duke, was he going to come to me like a ripe plum rolling of its own weight from the tree? I walked as near as I could in order to catch what was said about Duke.

"Who's Duke?" said the fellow.

"Duke is a dandy hackman that I have a mash on," she answered. "I haven't seen him for a month now, and don't know what has become of him."

"Well, what did you think of that girl that danced in the second act?" the fellow inquired after a moment's pause, seeming to take no further interest in Duke.

I did. Here I had been trying for weeks to find him without any satisfaction, and now I was on the scent.

I followed the two. They went over to Sixth avenue and boarded a horse car. When they got to Forty-sixth street they got out. I got off, too, and followed again till they reached a small brick house on the left hand side of the street. They went in here. I got the number and walked around till I met a policeman, whom I asked about the place. He said it had the name of being a house of ill-repute, but one of the more quiet, respectable kind.

I stepped back again to the house, and rung the bell. A negress opened the door. I stepped boldly in and asked to see the madame. The negro woman eyed me a little suspiciously, but told me to walk into the parlor.

There were two young women there. I sat down, looked at them and asked: "Is Nellie here still?"

"You bet your sweet life she is," said one of them.

"How is she?"

"Oh, she's all right."

"Has that cabby shown up lately that she had the mash on?" I inquired, laughingly.

"What cabby? Jimmie McDermott?" the girl answered.

"Is that his name?" I asked, indifferently. "They call him Duke."

"I never heard him called anything but Jimmie," said the other girl. "He used to be around two months ago, but I ain't seen him round for some time. Guess he's dropped."

The woman who kept the place now appeared. I drew her out into the hall near the door and said to her:

"Is that little blonde here? Nellie—Nellie"—— I looked up to the ceiling as if trying to recall the last name.

"Nellie Rogers, do you mean?"

"Yes; that is the name. I think. She is pretty tall and plump without being stout."

"Yes, she is here. But you can't see her now."

"All right. I'll come around again, then. Perhaps to-morrow night."

I had a plan and it suited me very well to have things turn out just as they had.

The next day I went to Brooklyn and sent a telegram to "Nellie Rogers, No. — West Forty-sixth street." It ran as follows: "I am in a tight place. Meet me at New York end of Brooklyn Bridge to-night at 8. Telegraph to me here under real name. Duke." The telegram was dated from Suttle's Hotel, No. — De Kalb avenue.

I wanted to get the Duke's right name. It was probably Jimmie McDermott, but it was better to be sure, and not waste any more time in hunting on a chance.

I waited at Suttle's Hotel, telling the telegraph operator to give me the answer to my message as soon as it came.

Sure enough, it did come in two hours. It was addressed to "James McDermott, Suttle's Hotel, Brooklyn." Eureka! I had feared that the operator might ask me my name that he might know which message was for me. If he had done this before the telegram came, and the Duke had not proven to be James McDermott, I would have had some bother in getting the message.

He saw from the wording that the telegram was an answer to my message and called out: "Here it is. You are Mr. McDermott, aren't you?"

"Yes," I said, and, taking it, read: "Will be there. Keep up a stiff lip. Nell."

So far, so good. I looked in the city directory. There were twenty-five "James McDermotts" without any middle name, and four more with one. None of them were put down as hackmen. I concluded that it would be better to get the address out of Nellie if I could.

I lounged slowly down to the New York end of the bridge in the evening, and got there about 8.05. Nellie had not come, but I had only been there a few minutes when she arrived. It did not serve my purpose as well to let her know that I knew her. So I waited a little while and then walked over to her.

"Are you Nellie Rogers?" I asked.

"What's that to you?" she said, looking at me with an angry glance.

"Why, I am here because the fellow you came to meet didn't dare to come. He found out he was shadowed and got me to come. We are pards. He described you and said if you were the right girl you could give me his address, and then I'd be sure. Can you give his address?"

"What do you want his address for?" she asked, eying me suspiciously.

"What do I want it for? Why, because McDer"—here I pulled myself up quickly as if the name had slipped me, and went on—"because the man who sent me to you wants me to tell you something, and I'm not to do it unless I have sure proof that you are the girl he sent for. If you can give me his address I'll know sure that it's all right."

"Why, its—South Fifth avenue, said Nell sulkily. "Now, what is the matter."

"Come along and I'll tell you," I said.

We walked slowly across the bridge. I saw the girl was sharp and I had to be careful not to give myself away.

"Nellie," I said, "Jim has got into a scrape. They've got on to his trail about that jewelry racket on Ninth avenue."

"What jewelry racket?" she asked, looking up innocently.

"Ah, there! How much did that emerald ring cost that you've got on your finger? You are a daisy, but I'd drop that bluffing, if I were you. We'll get along smoother."

"So you think this is from Duke, and that he cribbed it?" she asked laughing as she held it up and looked at it.

It was a large stone of very pure water, in a heavy gold setting.

"Do you think he's a Vanderbilt to buy rings like that, even for his best girl?" said I, with a grin. "Well, they've dropped on him, he thinks, and he wants you to keep some of the jewelry. I'll get it and bring it to you."

"Hold on, now; you don't rope me in receiving stolen goods," cried Nellie. "Let Duke stow 'em away somewhere if he's afraid to let his wife keep 'em. If that's all I can do for him, why, that settles it. I won't."

She was stubborn, and I could not worm any admission out of her. She had not said anything certain about the emerald ring, even.

I let her go. I hurried over to New York and went to Duke's place. It was a small back apartment. His wife was sewing on a pair of breeches.

I inquired if McDermott was in. No. Where was he? He'd gone out. She didn't know where. Well, could he come to the Sixth Avenue Hotel to take one to the Forty-Second street depot? No. He'd sold his hack, and didn't drive now. When did he sell his hack? Four weeks ago. I said I would wait till he came home, because I wanted to see him anyhow. At about 11 o'clock he came in and I arrested him. He denied all knowledge of the thing. Yes, He might have left some young men on Thirtieth street. He had done that often enough. Young men were often left in that neighborhood. He knew nothing about the robbery except what he had read in the papers.

McDermott was kept from Thursday till Sunday on bread and water and away from everybody. Sunday morning he weakened and sent for me. "I'll squeal," he said. "D—— it. I didn't get much out of the thing, and the others haven't treated me square."

I had him brought to the station-house. The Sergeant was at the desk and an officer in an adjoining room to hear what he said.

"You dropped on the right man, Captain," he said; "John Galvin put up the job. There were four in it beside myself. I drove them to Thirtieth street, and waited at Twenty-seventh to take them away. Galvin cracked the jeweller on the head, and we cleaned out the place in about twenty minutes. When you collared Galvin the others lit out. I don't know where they are, nor what they did with the jewelry. I got three or four rings and a watch. I gave that green ring to Nellie Rogers."

Galvin was tried, convicted and sentenced to twenty years at hard labor in Sing Sing. He looked at me when they were taking him away as savage as a mad dog and said:

"You ——————————, I'll cut the heart out of you for this."

I went up to Sing Sing two years afterwards, and found he was gone. He had shammed insanity, got to the State Asylum and from there escaped. Duke got off for having turned State's evidence, and the other three were not caught. Nor was the jewelry recovered except Duke's share. Nellie Rogers had a nice little talk with me when she found out what I had done. Her remarks were more forcible than elegant.

I have never seen or heard of Galvin since. Of course he doesn't dare to show up in New York, but if I am ever found with a knife in me it will probably be his. He is not a forgiving fellow.

Only Put Tinfoil On.

For nine years and a half William O'Rourke has done a brisk business in tobacco, newspapers and magazines in West Thirty-seventh street.

"To workingmen as a rule," he said to an EVENING WORLD reporter, "I sell five-cent packages of tobacco, which can be used either for smoking or chewing. No, I don't think the repeal of the tax would do either small dealers or consumers much good. All that the last reduction did was to put tinfoil on the five-cent packages. A five-cent package generally lasts a man one day, and men who earn $1.50 per day very often pay 10 and 15 cents a day for tobacco."

Mr. O'Rourke then expressed the opinion that THE EVENING WORLD "was a dandy."

Police Capt in Gastlin's Story

Police Captain Geo. W. Gastlin, of Pier A station, has written a remarkable story of "Ike Vail, the King of Confidence Men," for to-morrow's EVENING WORLD. *It will more than sustain the great popular interest aroused by the series already published in* THE EVENING WORLD'S *unique police captain series.*

An Interesting Question.

[*From the Oil City Blizzard.*]

The unexpected always happens. One day last week, while in the store of a man named Harry Gibson, a young New Castle lady threw an apple-paring over her shoulder. It struck Mr. Gibson edgewise in one of his eyes and entirely destroyed the sight. The question naturally arises: If this young lady can unintentionally do so much damage with an inoffensive appie-paring, how many men, women and children would she kill if she should deliberately pick up something substantial and throw at a hen?

Fraudulent Heirs.

[*From the Richmond Dispatch.*]

"Two men in New York have been imprisoned for wearing false whiskers." The New York courts seem determined to put a stop to the fraudulent heirs that spring up whenever a rich man dies.

A Debutante's Dress.

[*From the New Orleans Picayune.*]

A debutanté should not wear a dress that does not cover her shoulders. Such a dress makes her look too much as if she wanted to come out, which is bad for the blossom.

"BY THE WAY."

[*From Life.*]

There are nine cable lines now.

Russia says her policy is Pacific. England's seems to be Pacific, Atlantic, Arctic and Antarctic.

If the American people had had more spunk two years ago the war articles might have been nipped in the bud.

As years roll on the Old World and the New form new ties which will bind them together through the countless ages of eternity.

Leap year is expected to solve the great problem of the commonwealth of Massachusetts: "What shall we do with the surplus maids?"

The Anarchist prisoner is treated little better than a shirt collar or a pair of cuffs. Immediately after his arrest he is washed and then ironed.

The CZAR of Russia begins to show some spirit, and the *Century Magazine* is purged of its Siberian articles before it reaches the hands of its Russian subscribers.

Count Tolstoi gives way to the most ungovernable rage whenever he sees his name spelled with less than two dots to the i. He only crosses his t's once, however.

It is not generally known that Chauncey M. Depew is not popular in Philadelphia because, during his last after-dinner speech in that delightfully restful town, he kept all his hearers awake.

William Walter Phelps has the most exquisite bang in Congress. Mr. Phelps began life as a poor boy, and has worked his way to his present eminence by dint of perseverance and a celluloid comb.

Police Capt. Gastlin, of Pier A station, recounts the remarkable career of "Ike Vail, the King of Confidence Men," in to-morrow's EVENING WORLD.

THE PEOPLE'S LETTER BOX.

Every-Day Topics of Interest to Readers of "The Evening World."

For a Poverty-Stricken Family.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed find $1 for poverty-stricken family at 561 Sixth avenue, South Brooklyn.

Jan. 11. C. E. S.

Underpaid Celluloid Workers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

It would be worth while in your investigation of the condition of the underpaid laborers of New York to look into the celluloid factories. They pay about the meanest wages paid in manufacturing establishments in this city. Let us hear from some of the workers in this line.

Jan. 10. WAGE-EARNER.

A Libel on the Fair Sex.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

As to the query in THE EVENING WORLD whether young ladies propose in leap year permit me to express the opinion that the "question" is generally "popped" by the gentler sex in all years. I do not mean that they do it directly, but that by the refinement of feminine strategy they usually lead the love-making to that point and leave no alternative for the fond lover. R. S.

Jan. 10.

Living on $9 a Week.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I would like to say I quite agree with Mr. McKenzie as regards being able to live and save a trifle on $12 per week. My husband is earning $36 per month. We pay $10 per month for two rooms and it costs us $20 more to live, including coals, light, &c., and this quite comfortably. Then there are $6 to spare. As my husband, little girl and self do not require additions to our wardrobes every month the next month's $6 is often added to the first. Our food is of the best quality, though bought in small quantities. We have good appetites and always have sufficient to eat. So if Mr. McKenzie manages on his $12 per week the same as I do on my $9 he can always have good and sufficient quantity of food on his table, and does not require "wind pudding," as Forest Spicer intimates. Forest Spicer does not say how many eat his weekly quantity of potatoes, or how many he provides for on his $75 per month.

Jan. 10. MRS. FRANCIS, West Fifty-sixth street.

Answers to Correspondents.

Naomi.—The addresses of the training schools for nurses will be found in the City Directory.

R. T. S.—The names and addresses of the foreign consuls resident in New York are published in the City Directory.

H. W.—There are certain inalienable rights—life and liberty are two of them—which a man has no right to sell, barter or dispose of in any way. This is the rock on which your argument goes to pieces.

J. S.—No crime that a man can commit carries with its sentence a forfeit of citizenship. He may be sentenced to civil death—imprisonment for life—but he is a dead citizen. Voting has no more connection with citizenship than it has with red hair or dandy legs.

FUN FOR AFTER DINNER.

Young Havseed (who evidently is not familiar with the double stall plan of the stable)—By jiminy, what a long horse!

The Late Hour Fashion.

[*From the Louisville Post.*]

"Will you go with me to Miss ——'s party?"

"Oh, yes, with pleasure."

"What time may I call for you?"

"Eleven o'clock or a little after, please."

"Thanks. That will afford me a full night's rest before I come."

A Suggestion.

[*From Life.*]

The *Art Review* has this interesting and instructive paragraph: "A bibliopegist is a bibliophile with a special regard for bookbindings. A bibliotaph is a book miser. A bibliopole is a book-seller for bibliophiles. A bibliokleptist is a stealer of valuable books."

We wish the *Art Review* would give us some death-dealing name for a book-borrower. How would "biblio-sponge" do.

Going to Ruin.

[*From Life.*]

McGonigle—Yis, the country's goin' to the dogs. It's little we see now of the "Sphirit of '76."

Macdougal—Thot's so. It's sildom ye can git a dhrink of whiskey more than three years ould.

Too Late to Learn.

[*From the Epoch.*]

At an evening party old Mrs. Bently was asked if she was fond of playing cards.

"Well," she said, "when poor John was alive we sometimes sat down to a good old-fashioned game of everlastin' an' I enjoyed it, but those new-fangled games, like retrospective eureke an' cabbage an' physique an' sich I don't know nuthin' 'bout, an' I'm gittin' too old to larn."

Good News.

[*From Life.*]

"Tom, have you heard the news?"

"No. What is it?"

"The schoolmaster is dead."

"Bully! Now I can wear thinner pants.

Tramps at Their Ease.

[*From the Pittsburg Commercial.*]

Yesterday morning, as a Panhandle cattle train pulled into the Union depot yard, two tramps were discovered fast asleep in a car on top of a number of lambs which were also lying down. They were lying side by side, as if placed that way by the tramps and each one had about a dozen apiece. They made a very comfortable bed and the tramps slept on until awakened by the yardmen. They rode on their downy bed about four hours, as one of the brakemen said he remembered seeing the two at Collins station.

A Swell Lunch.

[*From the New Orleans Picayune.*]

For a swell lunch set out Boston crackers, prunes, raw oysters, weiss beer, sponge cake, dried apples and seltzer water, with radishes and salt for relish.

Baby's On the Strike.

[*From the Boston Globe.*]

Oh, insurrection, anarchy,
Revolt are in the air!
Our blessed Baby's up in arms,
And Nurse is in despair.

He lords it with a hand that's high
And mighty, tho' a mite;
He bawls and howls and drives his Ma
To desperation quite.

He sits enthroned, a little god,
Tied into his high chair;
His awful nod says, plain as words,
"I won't be good, so there!"

By sisters, cousins, aunts and all
Cajoled, caressed and kissed,
He will not budge an inch, this bold
Young budding Anarchist.

Who shall subdue this pestilent
But precious little tyke?
What's to be said, what's to be done
When Baby's on the strike?

WORDS FROM THE PEOPLE.

BIG MEASURES, SMALL PURCHASES AND HIGH PRICES.

Avenue C Grocers Say that Customers Are Responsible for Their Method of Doing Business—Cash Payments the Rule—Steady Trade from the Street-Cleaning Department—Dealers Generally Hopeful.

The views of several more Avenue C grocers are added to-day to those given in THE EVENING WORLD yesterday. They tend towards the same point. Small purchases—potatoes by the quart and coal by the pailful or half-pailful—and the high prices made necessary by the large number of sales make it hard times the year round for the working people, while by buying their goods in reasonably larger quantities they could live much easier.

This manner of buying is owing sometimes to the lack of room to keep extra quanties of goods, sometimes to the lack of money, but more frequently to the inclination of the buyer, who could purchase in larger quantities if he chose.

On the whole the trade in Avenue C is not so depressed as in some other quarters, and the dealers are usually hopeful.

John Bressler, the grocer at 130 Avenue C, said that business was pretty good. He had been in business only about two months, and had no fault to find with the beginning he had made. Customers bought only in small quantities and paid cash.

One of the Carroll Brothers, at Avenue C and Ninth street, said: "Business is pretty good. We don't get any of the hard times over here. No, we don't sell coal or wood; not because there is no money in them, but because we have no time to handle them."

James Bresnihan, grocer, at 218 Avenue C, found that the people in his neighborhood were unusually poor this winter.

"Many are out of work more than usual," he said, "though I cannot tell why it is so. I sell potatoes and other vegetables, four or five cents' worth at a time, and the measures are not exact. A quart may be two or three quarts. The dealer who heaps up the measure most gets the trade, and we have in competition heaped up and heaped up till some of us have heaped away all the profits and others have heaped themselves out of business."

John Shaughnessy, the grocer, at 221 Avenue C, has been established in a new building a few months, and business fully meets his expectations.

"I sell coal by the pail, half pail and sometimes by the bushel," he said. "I get 25 cents for a bushel, and there is not much money in it. No man is going to give something for nothing, though, and I suppose the big dealers in coal don't charge more than what is right. As to strikes? How would you like to be down 500 feet under ground? Wouldn't you want to get paid for it? The dock of the Street-Cleaning Department is just over the way, and many of the men live in that big block. They get their money regularly and pay for what they get. I can't complain."

Christopher Kavanagh, in Avenue C, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets, said: "My business comes mainly from the men employed by the Street-Cleaning Department, and is pretty sure. Profits on groceries are not very big, but a steady trade makes a living for my family. My customers generally buy coal by the bagful, and I make about a $1.50 on a ton. It's a poor way for the people to buy, but they buy that way because they want to. I don't know any other reason."

GEN. SPINOLA HEARD FROM.

Keeping a Lookout for Patronage Away Off at the Arkansas Hot Springs.

Dr. Thomas D. Reilly, of the Sixteenth Assembly District, received a letter from Gen. Spinola yesterday. The General is recuperating at the Arkansas Hot Springs, and expects to resume his Congressional duties in a few weeks. The General wrote:

Don't let the Sixteenth District get left in the patronage distribution of the Surrogate's office. If you and James Henry Cauldfield can't get what is coming to the district he and you ought to appoint a receiver.

Please deny the statement that Maurice J. Power and I are in daily correspondence with each other. However, if you should meet him just give him a nod for me—merely a nod, because I may have to use my gaffs next fall, and when I do use them you know the rooster who generally gives a chuckety-chuck.

Tammany Hall is solid down here. We are in a majority. County Democrats who have rheumatism are cured by long terms in office. That is the reason there are not many of them here.

Mike Fagan arrived yesterday. John J. Scannell is expected in a few days. Our majority will be increased.

He Understood the Business.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

First Beggar—Why didn't you tackle that lady? She might have given you something?

Second Beggar—I let her go because I understand my business better than you do. I never ask a woman for anything when she is alone; but when two women are together you can get money from both, because each one is afraid the other will think her stingy if she refuses. This profession has to be studied, just like any other, if you expect to make it a success.

Not in Style.

[*From the Buffalo Express.*]

First Boston Girl—I must peremptorily decline to continue my anterior acquaintance with Minerva Beaconlight. Second, Third and Fourth B. G's (in chorus)—Why? First B. G—Because she unselfishedly confessed this morning that her domiciliary residence had not once been the scene of burglarious intrusion, nor her paternal sire the subject of highway interception and embargo.

A New Deal.

[*From the Burlington Free Press.*]

A Southern mule dealer founded a hospital for his beast. We were aware that mules had done a great deal for hospitals, but until now hospitals have never done anything for mules.

WHY HE PREFERS "THE WORLD."

A Man With Property to Sell Relates His Advertising Experience.

To the Editor of The World:

On the 6th of December I sent two letters—one to THE WORLD and one to the *Herald*, just alike, with a three-line advertisement and a five-dollar bill in each, with the request to insert daily $5 worth. THE WORLD gave me six insertions and no cents change. The *Herald* spread out the lines, published it once and kept the $5. I got from THE WORLD advertisement twenty letters and five calls; from the *Herald* two letters from agents. I am well pleased with THE WORLD and the result of my advertisement, as I have a number who wish to buy my cottage. I have taken THE WORLD three years, although I am a Republican and expect to remain one. Yours respectfully,

W. G. HICKEL.

Residence Park, New Rochelle, N. Y., Jan. 6.